

DIVORCE DAY.

Wholesale Settlement of Family Troubles by the District Court.
These are the days for new methods in all kinds of procedure. The man, the party, the society, in truth, everything and everybody is trying some new way of doing an old job. It has been suggested that the farmers' alliance movement is the originator of all this and indirectly is the cause of many a change of base and manner. However, that is only another man's hint and we simply throw it in for what it is worth.

Now one would think that this fever of change would not enter the portals of justice, but to a layman it looks just that way. Heretofore the divorce cases in this county have been sandwiched in between other trials at all times, before sundown and after, but now all that is of the past. Nothing having the least glimmer of a star chamber will be permitted any more. All must be open and above board. The family skeleton must be paraded in broad daylight, unsavory though it may be, and all the baldheads and just-fur-mindeds are happy.

What is the result of it all? Why this is "divorce day" in court. We like that way of putting it, it has a real old common-lawish sort of a sound and makes you think of "rule day" and all that. There is a delightful novelty in this way of doing things. You know when in go to court—and you also know when to stay away.

It will be many a term before we shall get as racy a gist as that of today: Grimes vs. Grimes, Boneman vs. Boneman and Cox vs. Cox. The first case was tried this morning, the defendant not appearing. The testimony showed that the defendant was afraid to sleep alone when her husband was away, hence the court granted the husband a divorce.

BONEMAN DISMISSED.

The Much-Disputed Case Settled—Other Court News.

The Boneman family whose tale of woe has been listened to by the county and courts for several months has at last, it is to be hoped, been at last relegated to obscurity once more. The court today by two actions closed up the public career of the participants until they make some further break against the rules of society or in some way call the attention of their neighbors to them. Mrs. Boneman was granted a divorce on the ground of extreme cruelty and the court decided that the husband have alimony, the amount to be decided later. In response to a petition signed by 138 persons of south Dickinson the county attorney dismissed the charge of rape against Mr. Boneman which was to have been tried at the next term of court. The family is now free to fight out its battle with the world by itself.

The divorce in the case of Cox vs. Cox was not granted.

A new trial was granted in the case of Shockey vs. Spangler and the verdict for the defendant was set aside.

Horses for Pennsylvania.

H. B. Stoner, the well known auctioneer, ships out today a carload of Dickinson county horses to Chambersburg, Pa. The animals will be accompanied east by Mr. C. M. Brenner, of Buckeye township, who will enjoy a visit to his old home in Pennsylvania while away.

Died in Oklahoma.

The death on Feb. 10th of Annie, wife of John C. Nye, formerly of Hayes township, this county, is reported from their present home, five miles southwest of Guthrie, Ok. Mrs. Nye was aged 40 years and went with her husband to the new territory some months ago. She has many friends in the county who will mourn her decease.

Death in Jefferson Township.

The death at her home in Jefferson township of Mrs. John Pollock is reported. It took place at 8 o'clock last evening after a short illness. Four children and a husband mourn the lady's decease. Two of the children are married. She was aged 40 years. The funeral will be held tomorrow at the house. Interment at Banner City.

After a Special Law.

Dr. M. H. Hewett, of the Abilene Mortgage Co., left last night for Topeka to labor with the legislature on a matter in which the Mortgage company has a special interest. A quarter-section of school land in Ellis county in which the company is interested was illegally sold and in order to perfect the title a special law is necessary. Mr. H. will make a request of the legislature that such a law be passed and will doubtless be successful. The Reflectors instructed him with the grips, signs and passwords for admission to the lower house and the senate will be sure to treat him well for he is something of a republican himself.

Wanted to Trade.

A nice home in Abilene for a small farm or live stock. Address Lock Box 297, Abilene, Kas.

Spinal Disease.

Dr. Flint's Remedy should be taken whenever there is felt pain or soreness in the back, or uneasiness in the extremities increased by motion, as these are the premonitory symptoms of spinal congestion. Descriptive treatise, with each bottle at J. M. Gleissner's, or address Mack Drug Co., N. Y.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

RECENT REFLECTIONS.

The man who when June has its fever begot No'er ventured to church 'cause 't was thundering hot.

—Thomas Percy of Solomon, was married in Canada a few days ago to Miss Amy Lockwood. Mr. and Mrs. Percy will reside at Garnett, Kas.

—What is considered a good joke on one of Washington county's bankers is a chattel mortgage on file in the register's office drawn by him which reads as follows: "Two bay mules and all their increase."

—Paul & Jacobs are completing the making of some handsome bookcases for the residence of Mayor C. M. Case, of Enterprise. Mr. Case is said to have one of the largest and best selected private libraries in the state. He is one wealthy man of Kansas who knows how to put money to good use.

—Kansas City Star: A Dickinson county man who has a quarter section of first-class land with good buildings and fine stock came to Kansas twelve years ago with nothing but his team and wagon. He has become independent by working hard and minding his own business. That, by the way, is a pretty good method for increasing the supply of money.

—We learn that the validity of the certificates issued as the result of the last teachers' examination has been established by the board issuing to D. D. Hornaday, who took the examination, the required first-grade certificate. We congratulate Mr. H. upon receiving so excellent a document. It is perhaps, though, unfortunate that the other applicants could not have had a chance also to mark their own papers.

—The creameries in this county last year paid out nearly \$25,000 in cash to the farmers for milk. (Dickinson County News.)

We get fearfully tired of branding this old lie started by the Kansas Farmer but will have to keep it as long as ignorant blundering home papers repeat it. The creameries of Dickinson county paid out to their patrons over \$200,000 in cash in 1890 and will do still better this year. They paid out in single months over \$25,000. The creamery industry is rapidly growing and is proving very profitable.

FIFTEEN PER CENT.

The First National Declares Its First Dividend.

As will be seen by a notice in another column the receiver of the First National bank which suspended about a year ago has declared a dividend of 15 per cent by order of the comptroller of the currency.

Mr. Rogers' management of the bank's affairs has been of the most business like quality and all creditors will receive the fullest possible returns. It is expected that depositors will all be paid their claims in full soon. This first dividend is a but a starter.

LIVED ON HORSEFLESH.

A Bachelor in Southeast Ottawa Eats Strange Food.

The Manchester Sun relates a wild and woolly tale of suffering in the hills of southwest Ottawa and bordering on Dickinson county. It says that during the severe blizzard in January, Mr. Summers, living about eight miles northwest of Manchester in the hills, lived off horse flesh to keep from starving. Ed Reed was at his house last Sunday and seeing a horse hide in the yard asked him about it when the old man said that during the storm he had nothing to eat and could not secure anything therefore killed his pony and subsisted from the flesh thereof. Mr. Summers is an aged bachelor and lives alone.

The pitiful condition in which the old fellow found himself can well be imagined. He is said, however, to be none the worse off for his strange food.

Wheat Rates.

The Kansas City Gazette says: "The rate on wheat from Salina, Kansas, to Kansas City is fixed at 14 cents, while the rate to St. Louis is only 17 cents, thus making the Kansas haul nearly five times more than the Missouri haul. And this rate is defended by the Kansas railroad commissioners. The Atchison Champion thinks that if the present legislature does not accomplish anything else, it will have accomplished a good winter's work if it shall have succeeded in providing some way to rid the people of Kansas of commissioners."

The wheat rates from Abilene are practically those of Salina and the complaint has been made here. The making of the commissioners elective instead of appointive will do much to remedy matters and this will doubtless be done as both republican and peoples party platforms demand it.

The First Step.

Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into Nervous Prostration. You need a Nerve Tonic and in Electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal, healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great Nerve Tonic and Alternative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored and the Liver and Kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle. Price 50c. at J. M. Gleissner's.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

ROMANCE OF THE ROSE-BUDS.

"If you love me as much as you used to," she wrote
At the close of a poor little heart-broken note.

Send me six rose-buds, pure and white, Kissed by your lips before six to eight.

He read, and he laughed to himself to see How fond and how foolish a woman can be But he stopped at the florist's. "I love her far more."

Yet how can I tell her so? Ah, yes, I know. The rose-buds were bought, and the rose-buds were kissed;

Her street and her number and house were not missed. She counted the buds with love's haste and love's grace—

Not six, but twice six, smiled up in her face. White buds make white roses; they opened and died.

Again: "Do you love me as ever?" she sighed. In rose-buds he answered her, kissed as before;

"Not six, nor twice six, but two dozen buds more." And so, in this city of music and dance, Two hearts have their own pretty rose-bud romance.

And when she grows and through the long loveless hours, "Though I sleep, I love you," he whispers in flowers.

Ah! Love will have seasons of sadness and doubt, So sure as the spring puts her tender buds out;

But Love will find language for questions and answers, So long as the Rose lives the Queen of Romances.

—Pearl Rivers, in Harper's Bazar.

STORIES OF THE STAGE.

A Stranded Troupe and a Modern Good Samaritan.

"Don't you find it rather lonesome here?"

"O no!" answered the stage door-keeper. "Some of the actors generally come back here to smoke their pipes and chat."

"You must hear them tell some amusing experiences of stage life."

"Any number of them. The other night Wm. Harris, of Rhea's company, told me of an incident that happened when he was supporting Charlotte Cushman. They did 'Henry the Eighth' in a small place one night, and after the play was over the audience still remained in their seats. 'Henry the Eighth' is in five acts, but in Charlotte Cushman's version it ends with the death of Katharine, that scene closing the fourth act.

"Mr. Harris was playing Cardinal Wolsey and as he finished in the third act had time to change his dress before the performance was over. Seeing that the audience had no intention of leaving, Miss Cushman called to him:

"Mr. Harris, you must go out and make an announcement; the audience do not know the play is finished."

"The late Cardinal stepped before the curtain: 'Ladies and gentlemen—I am sorry to inform you the performance is over. The play concluded with the death of Queen Katharine. If you are waiting for the funeral, that will not take place until next week.'"

"I'll warrant he made a 'quick exit' after that. But tell me some of your own experiences, you were on the stage, were you not?"

"Yes—for one season."

"Then you must have a number of amusing reminiscences stored away in your mind."

The stage door-keeper shook his head. "No; nothing of a humorous nature took place that trip. We played in too hard luck. I tell you," he went on, earnestly, "that was the hardest four months I ever experienced, and I've had it struck one man with a heart in his body I don't know what would have become of us all."

"Who was he? How did it happen?"

"It was down in Richmond, Ind. We were to play there two nights—New Year's and the Saturday following. We had been playing to bad business ever since we started and came into the town on our trunks. New Year's night we thought would certainly bring us a big house, but it didn't. There was a local minstrel show in town, and we played to empty seats. The night following we played to four dollars. After the performance we held a consultation and decided to close and go to Cincinnati on our trunks. We could not pay our board bill and the landlord of the hotel threatened to attach our baggage. Sure enough, when we got up early Sunday morning and went down to the depot we found the trunks in charge of a sheriff. That effectively prevented our leaving town."

"There was nothing to do but go back to the hotel and wait until something turned up or the landlord turned us out. Back we went, and the manager tried to argue the matter with the proprietor, while the rest of us gathered around the stove in the office. The landlord was inflexible. Unless we could pay him his money he would hold our trunks. 'I run this hotel for money, not as a charitable institution, and I don't want you people around here any longer,' he exclaimed.

"At this moment a benevolent-looking old gentleman with long white whiskers entered the office. He was the landlord's father and part owner of the hotel."

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"His son explained."

"Well, you people are in hard luck and I'm sorry for you," said the old gentleman, kindly, "but let's see what can be done."

"We all felt grateful to him at once. He paused a moment to consider the situation, then asked: 'Have you had breakfast?'"

"No, sir."

"The younger man had not permitted us to enter the dining-room that morning."

"Then all of you go in and eat, and Charles (turning to his son), let them have the rooms they occupied last night."

"Charles started to make some objections, but the kind-hearted old gentleman stopped him."

"I'm not going to see these people turned into the street on this cold day, there's women and children among 'em and they stay here until to-morrow at least."

"But father," the son persisted, "they won't be any better off to-morrow and we'll have them on our hands."

"No matter! Besides, I'm going to do something for 'em right away. Now all of you go in and get breakfast and I'll be back shortly."

"He was gone for three hours and when he came back he had a paper signed by the mayor and a dozen of the most influential citizens of the town, telling of our position and asking the people of Richmond to give us a benefit Monday night."

"All the men whose names are on that paper," he explained, "are now in

ing to do any thing to-morrow but sell tickets for you. We will get out some hand-bills in the morning and if hard work will fill the house, to-morrow night it will be packed."

"He kept his word to the letter. The theater would not hold all the people that came, and a better disposed audience I never saw. They applauded every thing and everybody. After the fourth act our manager went before the curtain to make a speech, and before he finished half of the audience were in tears. Every word of thanks that he uttered came from his heart. He was a well-educated man, but he didn't try to use any big words. He simply told them how grateful he and every member of the company were to them all. We were crying back of the curtain, and when he spoke of the landlord's father we all cheered and the audience cheered with us. After the performance was over the audience crowded on the stage and we were kept busy shaking hands for the next hour. They felt they had done a good action and they fairly overflowed with kindly feeling toward us. The manager's wife had her little girl in her arms and all of the ladies kissed the child and the men tucked money into her hand. When the landlord's father came upon the stage she rushed up to him and made the child put its arms around his neck and kiss him and then she kissed him and everybody cheered. The splendid old fellow couldn't keep the tears back and he just stood there with the child in his arms and made a speech."

"I tell you, neighbors," he said, "if you all feel as happy over what you have done for the people here as I do, you won't be ashamed of your tears. I have kept a good many show folks in my time and I know that they are just like other people. They have all got feelings, and every one of this troupe will remember this evening with gratitude as long as they live."

"I don't believe such a scene ever took place on a stage before."

"Did you get away all right?" I asked.

"O, yes. The benevolent old gentleman took charge of the money for us, paid every thing we owed and we had enough left to buy us all tickets to our home."

"He was a modern good Samaritan."

"He was that; for when we were leaving I heard him say to his son: 'Here, Charlie, put this money in the safe; it's them show folks' board for three days, thirty-six dollars. You see, my son, the old man knows a thing or two yet. If we had kept their trunks we wouldn't have got five dollars on the lot.'"

I put into my pocket the handkerchief with which I had vainly sought to check my tears during the pathetic recital.—Edward Weitzel, in Detroit Free Press

AN ANCIENT AMERICAN TOWN.

Some of the Quaker Features of Laguna, New Mexico.

Laguna is built upon a rounded elevation of rock. Its appearance is exactly that of a Syrian village, the same cluster of little, square, flat-roofed houses in terraces, the same brown color, and under the same pale blue sky. And the resemblance was completed by the figures of the women on the roofs or moving down the slope, erect and simple, carrying on the head a water-jar, and holding together by one hand the mantle worn like a Spanish rebozo. The village is irregularly built, without much regard to streets or alleys, and it has no special side of entrance or approach. Every side presents a blank wall of adobe, and the entrance seems quite by chance. Yet the way we went over the smooth slope was worn here and there in channels three or four inches deep, as if by the passing feet of many generations. The only semblance of architectural regularity is in the plaza, not perfectly square, upon which some of the houses look, and where the annual dances take place. The houses have the effect of being built in terraces rising one above the other, but it is hard to say exactly what a house is—whether it is anything more than one room. You can reach some of the houses only by the aid of a ladder. You enter others from the street. If you will go further, you must climb a ladder, which brings you to the roof, that is used as the sitting-room or work-yard of the next room. From this room you may still ascend to others, or you may pass through low and small doorways to other apartments. It is all hap-hazard, but exceedingly picturesque. You may find some of the family in every room, or they may be gathered in the plaza, or on the roof, which is protected by a parapet. At the time of our visit the men were all away at work in their fields. Notwithstanding the houses are only sun-dried bricks, and the village is without water or street commissioners, I was struck by the universal cleanliness. There was no refuse in the corners or alleys, no odors, and many of the rooms were patterns of neatness. To be sure, an old woman here and there kept her hens in an adjoining apartment above her own, and there was the litter of children and of rather careless house-keeping. But, taken altogether, the town is an example for some more civilized, whose inhabitants wash often and dress better than these Indians.—Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine.

Living and Show.
Foreign Visitor—Does it cost much to live in New York?

Host—No, sir, it doesn't cost much to live in this city; but it costs like Sam Hill to keep up appearances.—N. Y. Weekly.

A STRANGE STORY.

A Utica Young Lady's Dream and Its Denouement in Chicago.

A certain lady of letters, well known to some in Utica, in company with a number of congenial companions, was passing the summer at a mountain resort in this State, says the Utica (N. Y.) Herald. She and her companions, who were also ladies engaged in literary pursuits, agreed that each morning they would meet and relate their dreams of the night before, both for the purpose of making scientific observations and for the interest of the thing itself. Doubtless if the ladies had pondered the maxims laid down by the father of his country, and had understood that one in which he forbade the revealing of dreams, they would have followed his illustrious example. But if they had this anecdote would never have been told.

The symposium was held regularly every morning and was a source of considerable amusement. One day, however, the lady first referred to, who may be called Miss Gale, came down with a troubled countenance, and when her friends demanded the records of

her sleeping hours she refused to tell them. She had a dream of very bad omen and did not wish to depress them as she had been depressed by its recital. There was a flutter of excitement, of course, but the refusal was final.

On the morning after Miss Gale appeared still more disturbed, and in answer to the questions of her friends she said that the dream had been repeated. She still refused to reveal it, but when the vision appeared on the third successive night, she became quite nervous about it, and was persuaded to make it known.

"The dream that I have had three times, now," said Miss Gale, "is this. I seemed to be sitting at my window in the upper story of the house, where my home is, watching the passers in the street. Soon a line of carriages appeared coming up the street, and when I looked more closely I saw that it was a funeral procession. I regarded it idly, but became more interested when it halted in front of the house where I was. I noticed distinctly the appearance of the train, the drivers with their black hats and gloves and the hearse. The hearse backed up in front of the door, and the undertaker's assistant, who was sitting up in the seat with the driver, jumped down and opened the door. Then he looked up at me and I saw that in the front of his cap was the number '9.' He had a deep scar across one cheek. 'Are you ready?' asked the man. I was greatly startled, and while I was trying to say something in reply to the question, I awoke."

The effect of the story upon Miss Gale's listeners was depressing, but after while one of them remarked upon the saying that "dreams go by contraries," and the unpleasant thoughts were laughed away. The dream was not repeated again. The vacation passed pleasantly, and their remembrance of the dream grew indistinct, and when Miss Gale returned to her home and the cortege of her vision did not materialize, she quite forgot it. Several months later she had occasion to visit Chicago, and while there took advantage of an opportunity for inspecting some of the public buildings. One day she left her friends on the first floor of one of these buildings, and went up to the fifth story to see some particular object of interest. Having finished her inspection she waited with several other people for the elevator to take her down again. When it came the others got in quickly enough, but the man who had charge of the elevator thought Miss Gale was too slow.

"Well," he said, "are you ready?" Like a flash the memory of her dream came back, and she looked at the man, astonished. Then she saw the scar upon his face and the number "9" in his cap.

"No, no, not yet," she said, involuntarily.

The man slammed the door impatiently and the heavy laden elevator started downwards. It had not reached the next floor before the steel cables parted and the whole machine crashed to the basement. Four persons were taken out of the wreck, dead.

—Watts—Aren't you ever going to get tired of shopping? You never seem to bring any thing home. Where's the fascination in it, I'd like to know?" Mrs. Watts—"O, I like to look at new goods, you know, and to see what lovely things I could get if I had only married rich."—Indianapolis Journal

The Great Problem Is
To find a remedy to cure constipation that is pleasant to the taste, harmless, mild, but at the same time prompt, sure and effective. Hamburg Figs, the great fruit cathartic, possess these qualities in an extraordinary degree, and are the greatest discovery of the age. Hamburg Figs will cure you if you are constipated, if without appetite, if bilious or suffer from sick headache. When you are troubled with any of the above disorders Hamburg Figs will, by their mild but prompt action, relieve the trouble and thus soothe the irritation which such ailments always cause. Hamburg Figs are sold by J. M. Gleissner, at 25 cents a box. Dose, one Fig.

Beecham's Pills act like magic on a weak stomach.

You Are in a Bad Fix
But we will cure you if you will pay us. Our message is to the weak, nervous and debilitated, who by early evil habits, or later indiscretions, have trifled away their vigor of body, mind and manhood, and who suffer all these effects which lead to premature decay, consumption or insanity. If this means you, send for and read our Book of Life, written by the greatest specialist of the day, and sent, (sealed), by addressing Dr. Parker's Medical and Surgical Institute, 153 North Spruce St., Nashville, Tenn. 128-14cly

James T. Gott, Jr., M. D., Says:
He paid thirty-one dollars doctor's bill for his wife in one year, and one bottle of Bradford's Female Regulator did her more good than all the medicine she had taken.

H. Dale, Druggist, Carmi, Ill.
Write Bradford Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. Sold by J. M. Gleissner.

The New Discovery.
You have heard your friends and neighbors talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it, you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial, Dr. King's New Discovery ever after holds a place in the house. If you have never used it and should be afflicted by a cough, cold or any throat, lung or chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed—very time, or money refunded. Trial Bottles Free at J. M. Gleissner's.

Says the Southern Medical World:
"Mother's Friend" is growing in favor throughout the south and is highly recommended by physicians. We consider it indispensable to those who know they must pass through the ordeal of childbirth. Write Bradford Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. Sold by John M. Gleissner.

Buckley's Arnica Salve.
The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cts per box. For sale by J. M. Gleissner, Abilene, Kas.

Slaughter Sale

To reduce stock and make room for New Spring Goods until Feb. 1st we will without reserve sell every article in our Store

AT ACTUAL COST!

Do not miss this chance for great bargains in everything.

Dry Goods Department.

Calicoes, Gingham, Muslins, Shirtings, Flannels, Underwear, Hosiery, Blankets, all go at actual cost.

Boot and Shoe Dept.

In this Department we have in addition to regular goods, lines of Jobber's samples and goods bought at bankrupt sales at large discounts. Our prices to you will be one-half to two-thirds regular prices. Don't miss this chance to buy in your spring supply of shoes. Come early, the prices we have made on these goods will soon break the run of sizes.

Hat and Cap Dept.

Every Hat and Cap in our stock was bought at 50 cents on the Dollar and they all go to you at actual cost, which means less than cost of manufacture.

Rescue Store,

312 Broadway.

THE CROWDS!

Just see the Crowds of People! Every day larger crowds of buyers pour through and fill all departments of the

OLD BEE HIVE STORE.

NO WONDER!

Never were such inducements offered before. If you are going to need anything this winter in

Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes,

CLOTHING OR GROCERIES,

don't fail to visit the OLD BEE HIVE and get what you want while this

CLOSING OUT SALE CONTINUES!

Never in the history of Abilene has such immense bargains been heard of. Why delay until forever too late. Read a few of our prices. Come in and see us.

50 inches Dress Flannels—other stores ask	85; our price is	60.
36 " " " " " "	40; " "	25.
10 quarter Wool Blankets, " " " "	\$4 00; " "	\$3 40.
Best Dress Prints, " " " "	8; " "	64.
Best Dress Gingham, " " " "	15; " "	10.
Ladies' and Gents' Hose, " " " "	15; " "	8